# The Amorous Gallant.

Who had a Miſtris lovely, fair and kind,
She gave him all things to content his mind;
But he unkind, when he had done his pleaſure,
Would have forſaken this beloved treaſure:
But by her charms, to Wife ſhe made him take her,
And now he ſwears he never will forſake her.

To a pleaſant new Tune, called, *Jenny's delight.*

How bonny and brisk, how pleaſant and ſweet,
were Ienny and I when my paſſion was ſtrong
So eagerly each others flames we did meet,
that a Minutes delay did appear to be long,
The vows that I made her, ſhe ſeal'd with a kiſs,
Till my ſoul I had loſt in a rapture of bliſs.

I vow'd and I thought I ſhould ever have lov'd,
where beauty and kindneſs together I found,
So ſweetly ſhe look'd, and ſo ſweetly ſhe mov'd,
that I fancied new ſtrength with my joys to abound
For the pleaſures I gave ſhe did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

But when that enjoyment had put out my fire,
my ſtrength was decay'd and my paſſion was done,
So pall'd was my fancy, and ſo tame my deſire,
that I from the Nimph very fain would have gone.
Oh Ienny ſaid I you have lov'd me in vain,
For beauty enjoyed turns love to diſdain.

But when ſhe perceiv'd that my flames were expir'd,
and I for a while was quite dead with delight,
She never left killing till my heart ſhe had fir'd,
while I had not the power to depart from her ſight,
My Dearest quoth ſhe you quickly are clot'd,
So ſoon for to leave what you ſweetly enjoy'd.

Such pretty kind words and her languiſhing eyes,
did tempt me again to encourage my flame,
Thoſe charming imbraces my thoughts did ſurprize,
they cauſ'd me with panting to Die in the ſame.
But the Death was ſo ſweet, and ſo eaſie my pain,
Sweet Ienny ſaid I let me Die once again.

As thus we ſat dallying on the Bank-ſide,
our loves overwhelm'd with a paſſionate joy,
Unfortunate we by a friend were eſpi'd,
his preſence with fear did our bleſſings deſtroy:
Oh Jenny ſaid I we are undone by this Man,
Let's flie from this danger out of ſight if we can.

The pretty ſweet Nimph with fear all amaz'd,
ſtood affrighted, yet her ſences ſhe ſoon did regain,
But ſmitten with love on ſweet Jenny he gaz'd,
and beg'd on his knees that ſhe there would remain,
Oh let not my preſence diſturb you for I,
If that you forſake me with love I ſhall Die.

Oh let me but kiſs that white hand and I'le ſwear,
by the powers above that i'le never diſcover,
Let not your beſt friend your preſence forbear,
for I like himſelf am a deſperate Lover:
But give him your hand and let's frolick all three,
My humour with his and with yours doth agree.

His vow being made then Ienny reply'd,
if that you our ſhame and my bluſhes conceal;
For I have been faulty it can't be deny'd,
but pray don't our ſecret folly reveal:
Then let us be merry ſince the danger is paſt,
I am not the firſt nor I ſhall not be the laſt.

Then merrily, merrily, let's take our way,
where Hymen ſhall tye us in Marriage ſecure,
And that we be fruitly he'l heartily pray,
my conſtancy to thee ſhall ever endure.
And though I have trangreſs'd before I was thy wife;
Yet i'le be thy ſweet Jenny all days of my life.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and I. Wright.